



The BATTALION



Kipling has said, "When it comes to slaughter, you'll do your work on water." That being the case, we couldn't even swat the fly around this joint.

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MAIL YOUR LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS EARLY

Santa Appoints Secretary in Cadet Corps to Take Care of His A. & M. Correspondence.

There is no way of telling what this khaki clad cadet is whispering in the ear of old Santa Claus. There are two thousand other Aggies who would like to have the opportunity to converse with Santy for a few minutes now, because the reindeers are already in the harness and the time is almost too brief to make definite arrangements with him via the correspondence route. Arbitration would have been the better way.

Nevertheless, our staunch friend and companion, "Casey" Bonnett, popular lieutenant of Company H and member of The Batalion Staff, has assumed the responsibility of Santa Claus' secretary in College Station. The secretary avers that he will take care of all letters to Santa if they are handed to him in 49 Goodwin Hall any time before the holidays begin. Surely a number of letters will be turned in by that time, but because of the secretness of the matter, only a few letters have been written to Santa Claus to date. One which expressed the most appealingness was turned over to The Battalion by Secretary Bonnett, and it read about as follows:

College Station, Texas.

December 15, 1923.

(This is not a petition to the faculty.)

To Santa Claus,
Through the Secretary.

Dear Santa:

I've been a nice little fish this whole year and have attended my Physical Culture classes regularly. Now I'm not going to show my greed and ask for a lot of things; I've broken up with my girl,



and she won't expect anything. About all I could ask you for would be a little money, and I don't reckon you could buy anything in Texas with North Pole currency. (I live a long ways from Amarillo). Maybe you'll

meet somebody on your way down here though who'll trade you a \$5 bill for some Arctic Circle shekels; if you do please save it for me. (I need m-o-n-e-y; baby won't you please come home.

Another thing that I'd like for you to do is let us out early—say about Wednesday at noon. I want to have plenty of time to make up with my old girl as I expect to graduate some day.

I guess you know Colonel Ashburn wouldn't be our Commandant any more after Christmas. If you've got any good commandants, I wish you'd bring us one to take Col. Ashburn's place. We'll all be gone when you come to College,—and if you can't make two trips, you could leave our Commandant in Uncle Dan's stocking. You needn't mind about the quantitative characteristics of the Commandant. If you tried to bring one like Ike, he'd be too heavy to carry and I know your reindeers will be awfully tired. If he's just got the qualitatives of Mr. Ashburn we'll all be pleased (unless Uncle Dan's stocking has a hole in it).

I'm not going to ask for much for myself, but I'll hang up my stocking so that you can put in any extra things you have. Ham Willis said that you brought him an extra horse last year but he got away before daylight. I don't see how Ham could tell if he never saw the horse.

Now Santa, if you'll listen to a few more things, I'll be through. All of us in Company "I" are proud of our Captain "Gap" Drisdale from Juno, and if you'll just bring him a new sharpshooters badge, we'll all be grateful to you. He's been wearing an old "bolo" badge all the year. I don't expect you can find Juno; so just leave the medal in my stocking. I'll give it to Captain Dris-